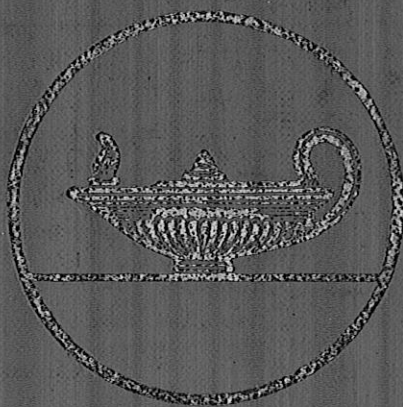
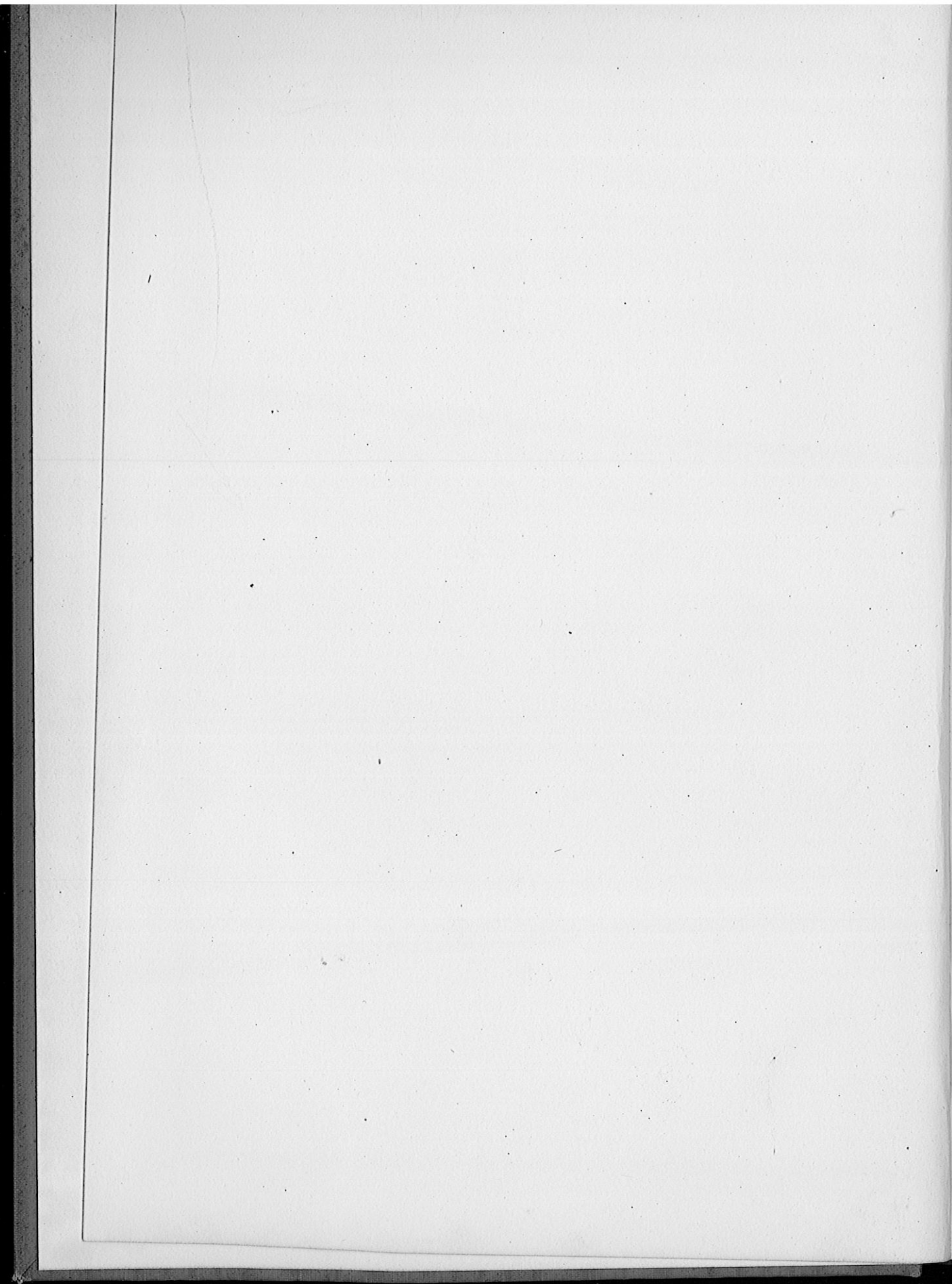


WHITE CAPS



1934

Anna B. Swanson





"WHITE CAPS"

YEAR BOOK
of
CLASS OF 1934



VASSAR BROTHERS HOSPITAL
POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.



JUNE, 1934



DEDICATION



We, the Class of 1934, dedicate this Year Book

to

MISS RACHEL COLE

whose encouragement and interest
during our three years have proved
to be of value to us, and whose
kindness will ever be remembered.



WHITE CAP BOARD

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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Class Flower

Delphinium

Class Colors

Blue and Maize

Class Motto

If we rest, we rust.

Class Cheer

Rah! Rah! Rah!

A. R. _____ O. R.

P. O. _____ P. R.

B. I. D. _____ T. I. D.

O. N. Stat

Seniors — Seniors

So what!

So what!

CLASS SONGS 1934

Tune — "*'Till We Meet Again.*"

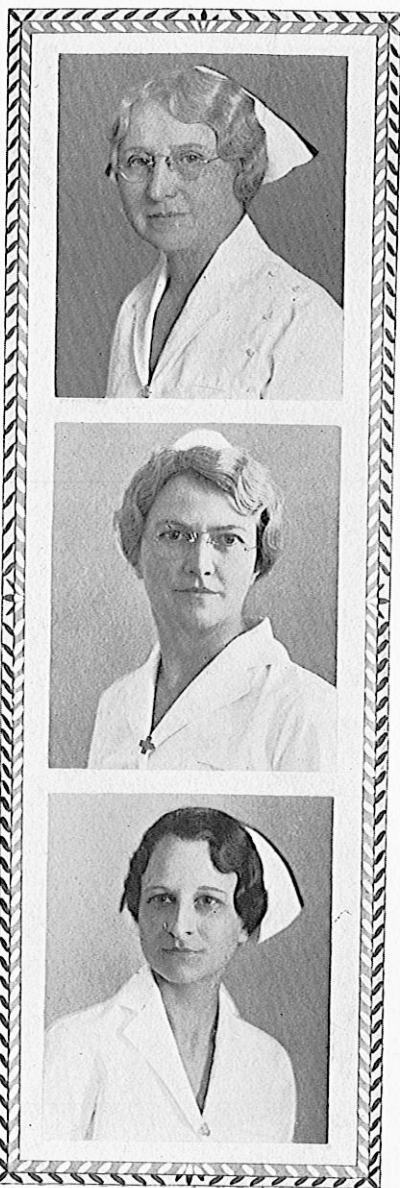
We will sing you a song dear old Vassar,
A song we have felt for three years,
In its sorrows we state, our joys we relate
As we sing to you our parting cheer —

Chorus — Vassar, we are leaving you for good,
Sometimes we have thought we never would,
Days were long and we were blue,
But with courage we've come through,
Now we're leaving, each of us depart
Looking back with sad and lingering heart,
From now on we shall be apart
But may we meet again!

Tune — *University of Maine Band*

Now our three years have gone and we are through
We say goodbye to you! !
You've helped us right along
To sing our song,
It's taken courage too —
Although we drift apart
Right in our heart, there is a happy mem'ry
Spell it the long way, or call it dear old V. B. H. ! ! !

MARY E. DENNEY.



RACHAEL F. Mc CRIMMON
Director School of Nursing

SARA L. SWEET
Director of Education

EDITH L. LINDBERG
Practical Instructor

The class of 1934 desires to convey its sincere appreciation to those who have helped through high lights and shadows; those who have proved themselves advisors, benefactors and friends.

LONG MAY THEY REIGN



SUPERVISORS

Dorothy Brink, R. N.
Ruth H. Caire, R. N.
Jean Davidson, R. N.
Anne Eckerlein, R. N.
Elizabeth Ferguson, R. N.
E. Marion Knapp, R. N.
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Katherine Tremper, R. N.
Ruth Walker, R. N.



DIETICIANS

Grace C. Thompson, R. N.
Lola C. Lenardson.
Frieda Reuman.



DORIS MAY CAIRE

'DO'

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Motto: "Not that she loves studies less—but fun the more."

Favorite Expression: Guess what kids!

How she got thru: Played.



DOROTHY MARIE CZECH

'CZÈCHER'

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Motto: "Such a merry, Nimble, stirring spirit!"

Favorite Expression: Is that right?

How she got thru: Slid.



HELEN MARIE DANKO

'DINKY'

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Motto: "Sessions of sweet, silent, thought."

Favorite Expression: Geepers!

How she got thru: Looked promising.



EVELYN KINGTON DECKER

'DECK'

Middletown, N. Y.

Motto: "I know her by her gait."

Favorite Expression: What to do?

How she got thru: Had the nerve.

MARY ETHEL DENNEY

'DINNY'

New Hackensack, N. Y.

Motto: "Thoughts come from the heart."

Favorite Expression: Oh my!

How she got thru: Worried.

DOROTHY FRANCIS DRING

'DOTTIE'

Shrub Oak, N. Y.

Motto: "With gracious speech to all."

Favorite Expression: Well, give me time.

How she got thru: Worked.

RUTH DOROTHY ECKERT

'ECKERT'

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Motto: "What things she has seen."

Favorite Expression: Oh my poozey cat!

How she got thru: Bluffed.

EMMA FREIDA ELLSWORTH

'EMMER'

Lake George, N. Y.

Motto: "Thou art inclined to sleep."

Favorite Expression: No foolin'.

How she got thru: By mistake.





LAURA HOOVER

'COREY'

Port Jervis, N. Y.

Motto: "Ready in heart, in hand."

Favorite Expression: Some will and some won't.

How she got thru: Vamped.



ELEANOR KAY

'NORRIE'

Hopewell Junction, N. Y.

Motto: "Let me be that I am and seek not to alter me."

Favorite Expression: Oh nuts!

How she got thru: Broke thru.



HELEN MARIE O'DAY

'PINNIE'

Maybrook, N. Y.

Motto: "Mirth, admit me of thy crew."

Favorite Expression: Now listen to me, Czecker!

How she got thru: Giggled.



CRESSIDA MARTHA POWERS

'CRESSIE'

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Motto: "A little upright, pert, tripping wight."

Favorite Expression: Hurry up, Stiegie.

How she got thru: Watched her chance.

A. CHRISTINA QUICK

'QUICKIE'

Red Hook, N. Y.

MOTTO: "Speak low, speak little."

Favorite Expression: Good heavens.

How she got thru: Charity.



AMELIA GRACE SHELTON

'SHELLY'

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MOTTO: "Spurred boldly on, dashed thru thick and thin, thru sense and nonsense."

Favorite Expression: Of course!

How she got thru: It's a mystery.



RUTH EMMA STIEGMAN

'STIEGIE'

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

MOTTO: "She must be active."

Favorite Expression: Don't rush me.

How she got thru: Installment plan.



EVELYN ALICE TOWNSEND

'TOWNIE'

Wappingers Falls, N. Y.

MOTTO: "There's something about a soldier."

Favorite Expression: What do you think?

How she got thru: Wiggled.





MARGARET KING TRAVIS

'PEGGAR'

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Motto: "A talent for domesticity seldom found these days."

Favorite Expression: Certainly!

How she got thru: With four eyes.

KATHERINE MADELINE TROCCIA

'TROTSKY'

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Motto: "What noise, what shriek is this? 'Tis our mad sister."

Favorite Expression: Ye Gods!

How she got thru: Yelled.

KATHERINE VAN NOSTRAND

'VAN'

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

Motto: "A little woman with big ways."

Favorite Expression: Listen, Do.

How she got thru: Nobody Knows.

HONORARY MEMBER

Birdsall Sweet.

FORMER MEMBERS

Etta Draffen

Margaret Fellows

Gwendolyn Hunter

Minnie Lasher

Anna Lee

Grace Moore

Dear Classmates :

I know you are busy getting into your new white uniforms and pinning on your white caps with their black bands, but please stop a minute or two and think over all the good times we have had during our three years together.

Remember the afternoon of September 9th, 1931, when we first entered training? Of course, there had to be some practical jokes played on us soon after our arrival — but we showed them that we could take it!

Remember the fake autopsy we were supposed to go to, and the night Decker was buried alive? Also our being escorted by upper-classmen from the Main office to Home I at midnight whenever we had late leave! And how could we forget the night, when we were still Probies, that we, a sorry-looking group of individuals — supposedly members of the Salvation Army — wandered from room to room in Home I chanting!

Then we were moved to Corridor II and one of our first episodes was to display our animals at a Pet Show held at 10:10 P. M. in the Corridor. Oh, it was a swanky affair — among the fashionable guests present were Miss Lindbergh and Miss Eagles. But alas, I hardly think that the event met with their entire approval, do you?

And now for a little bit about our 1932 Christmas Party. We all met in the Solarium at midnight. Eat? And how! Were we quiet? Well, we weren't called to the Judgment Chair!

Then Spring came! Seeing was believing, for you kids all went hay-wire jumping rope in the hall after a hard day's grind on the Wards!

We were always dressing up in some hideous manner — remember the night we called on Parson Greene and the reception he gave us?

But we were not always having good times, were we, old classmates? Remember all the worry and loss of sleep we suffered due to the intrusion of an officer of the law into our highly respectable automobile party in the main street of the city?

And now we are off to the High School for our Commencement exercises — congratulations and best o' luck.

Your old classmate,

PEGGAR.

THE LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT OF THE CLASS OF 1934

We, the Senior class of Vassar Brothers Hospital, 1934, being most assuredly of sound mind, and fully possessed of our senses, do hereby bequeath to posterity our class spirit, our Senior dignity, our intellect, and our superhuman amount of endurance.

I, Helen Danko, bequeath my motto, "Silence is Golden," to Alice Van Dyne.

I, Helen O'Day, bequeath my mouse trap to the next occupant of Room No. 14. (She'll need it.)

I, Catherine M. Troccia, bequeath my collection of gargles, nose sprays, nose drops, benzoin inhalations, etc., to June Waddlin. (And what a collection.)

I, Ruth Eckert, bequeath my "Gloria Shoe Cleaner" to Pearl Churchill, to be used at least once weekly.

I, Amelia Sheldon, bequeath my PEP, VIM, and VIGOR, to Anna Swanson.

I, Emma Ellsworth, bequeath my system "How to grow up in ten easy lessons" to Carrita Holtzman.

I, Dorothy Dring, bequeath my executive ability to the President of the class of 1935.

I, Margaret Travis, bequeath my "room on the fire escape" to someone who is not so afraid of Peeping Tom.

We, Doris Caire and Catherine Van Norstrand, bequeath our system "How to be friendly, though room mates," to Lawrence and Cameron.

We, Dorothy Czech and Eleanor Kay, bequeath our "Toe-less, heel-less, sole-less comfy slippers" to Marjorie Bull and Katherine Peele.

I, Evelyn Townsend, bequeath my hair nets to Dorothy Dallas. (She needs them, too.)

I, Ruth Stiegman, bequeath my book, "How to train the memory," to Marion Phelps.

I, Evelyn Decker, bequeath my nonchalant manner to Marion Gormerly, (but does she need it?)

I, Cressie Powers, bequeath my last new uniform to Ethel LeFevre. (Perhaps it will fit her better than it did me.)

I, Christina Quick, bequeath my sedate and dignified manner to Frieda Krieger.

I, Laura Hoover, bequeath my very long eyelashes to the Science of Medicine. A most effective heart stimulant.

I, Mary Denney, bequeath my two "Sure Wave Curlers" to Iva Croswell.

We, the Class, bequeath to Bird Sweet, the honor of carrying on the dignity and proficiency known only to the Class of 1934.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, we hereunto set our hand and affix our seal, and in the presence of three witnesses, declare this to be our last will and testament, this the first day of June, in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and thirty-four.

Witnesses,

JAMES HUGHES,
JAKE STICKLER,
PETER POTTS.

FOR MY FAITHFUL NURSE

(A vision)

O, Nurse, with toilsome serving
And burdened with others' care,
See standing in the portal
A vision, of beauty rare.

The Master, ever watching,
Knows all of the load you bear,
And, if you only listen,
You will hear Him, speaking there.

I, too, have soothed life's sorrows,
I have stilled the restless child.
I have touched with peace and quiet,
The waves, and the spirits wild.

Fear not: Thy faithful labor
Has been, not thy work, but mine.
Your touch, upon the suffering,
Was my hand, with help divine.

And when the night is over
In your Father's Home lie down.
You did the Master's service
And your Cap shall be your Crown.

—*Ex-Patient of V. B. H.*

MYSTERY OF THE DEMONSTRATION ROOM

(In III Parts)

Synopsis of Part I.

(Beautiful Judy Vassar, long suffering mistress of the Demonstration Room, was mysteriously kidnapped on the night of March 27, 1950, between the hours of nine and ten. A 1934 class ring was found near the bedside. This placed each member of that class under suspicion. Chief of Police Murphy ordered Sherlock Holmes, Jr., to check carefully on the whereabouts of each member of that class at the time of the kidnapping.)

Part II — Sherlock's Report

AMELIA SHELDON: Wife of prominent young lawyer. At the time of the kidnapping was delivering lecture to members of the W. C. T. U. on "Our duties and obligations to the tired Siberians."

CATHERINE TROCCIA: Opera star. On night of kidnapping was striking her highest C's at the Metropolitan Opera House.

EMMA ELLSWORTH: Active leader of W. C. T. U.; slept soundly through lecture on "Our duties and obligations to the tired Siberians," during time of kidnapping.

RUTH STIEGMAN: Special duty nurse; spent hours from nine until ten searching frantically for her lost curlers.

LAURA HOOVER, Director of Nurses at one of New York's leading Hospitals. At time of kidnapping was lecturing her student nurses on "Why hair nets are manufactured."

MARY DENNEY: Wife and mother. From nine until ten on the night of the kidnapping was telling bedtime stories to her children.

KATHARINE VAN NOSTRAND: District Nurse. Spent entire night of kidnapping working on her book, "How to cope with flat tires and other car troubles encountered while doing district nursing."

EVELYN TOWNSEND: Wife of military leader of Hawaiian Islands. Spent evening of kidnapping on beach of Wakiki chaperoning her Sunday School class picnic.

ELEANOR KAY and CRESSIE POWERS: Enroute to California. At time of kidnapping stranded in Kalamazoo, waiting patiently for funds from home to continue their journey.

DOROTHY DRING: Wife of Mayor of Shrub Oak. On night of kidnapping was in the audience at Metropolitan Opera House, where former roommate gave a recital.

HELEN DANKO: Special Duty nurse; between the hours of nine and ten was seated in patient's room reading "Modern Love and Romance."

EVELYN DECKER: Wife of radio crooner; between the hours of nine and ten, with children gathered about her, listened to famous husband sing over Fleishman's Yeast Radio hour.

DORIS CAIRE: Professional Master of Ceremonies. On night of kidnapping headed bill of vaudeville at Music Hall, Radio City, N. Y.

DOROTHY CZECH and HELEN O'DAY (sisters-in-law): On night of kidnapping were busily engaged at former's home making scrap books and fudge for children of weary Siberians.

MARGARET TRAVIS: Prominent society matron; wintering at Palm Beach; listed as one of most fashionable guests of Palais Royal Hotel.

RUTH ECKERT: Housewife; spent the evening of the kidnapping at home darning socks and performing other little household duties which she loves to do.

CHRISTINA QUICK: Divorcee; dining in Peter's Sweet Shop after a busy day making a survey of Dutchess County and its feeble-minded individuals.

Part III.

Sherlock finished his detailed report. "They all have perfect alibis, Captain Murphy, but I expected that. I never did think any of those fine girls could be guilty."

"Hmm!" said Murphy, "may I ask you, Sherlock, whom do you suspect? How about the 1934 class ring? Why it's a clear case against them."

"I disagree with you, Murphy. You know, for every crime there must be a motive. Now, why should those 1934 girls wish

Judy Vassar out of the way — on the other hand, who would wish she were out of the way?"

"Darned if I know," growled Murphy.

"Well, I'll tell you, the Probies. Without Judy Vassar there could be no one on whom to practice mustard pastes, hot air baths, and alcohol sponges, to say nothing of the many other distasteful little treatments the girls all hate to do. If there were no one to practice on, the treatments would have to be eliminated. You can see how much more pleasant training would be, and why they should wish Judy out of the way."

"Why, of course," said Murphy. "I sort of suspected that all along."

"After this reasoning," said Sherlock, "the rest was simple. I made a thorough search of Home I, found Judy hidden beneath the piano, a little dusty, and weary, but nevertheless O. K."

"But, Sherlock!" cried Murphy, "how about the 1934 class ring found near the bedside?"

"That's easy," said Sherlock. "That was borrowed and planted there to throw suspicion on the one perfect class that graduated from Vassar Brothers Hospital."

—C. M. P.

HEAR YE!

One who knows not
And knows that she knows not, is a little Probe,
Pity her!

One who knows not,
And knows not that she knows not, is an ignorant Junior,
Teach her!

One who knows,
And knows not that she knows, is a sleeping Intermediate,
Wake her!

One who knows,
And knows that she knows,
Is a wise Senior,
Follow her!



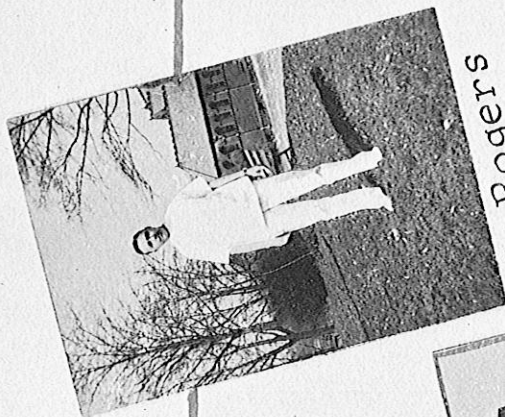
Dr. Bisson



All Set



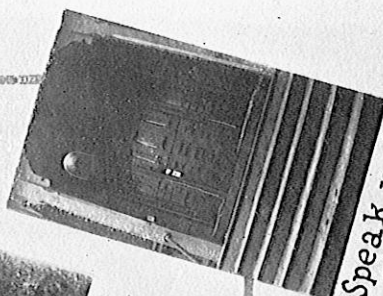
The Gang



Dr. Rogers



The New House



Speak not,
oh, silent door

THOUGHTS OF A MOUSE

When I think of training days that now are all past,
And all of the girls who lived over here,
When I think of Graduation that's faded long since,—
Gosh! it seemed such a short, short year.
Those girls sure were great and packed full of fun.
I never a dull moment had—
I was racing around, crawling here—crawling there—
Gee! the thoughts of it make me feel bad!
There were always some girls making some kind of noise,
But now it's so quiet and still
It seems sorta strange—no fun at all—
Get used to it? Don't think I will.
They'd come over at seven, chuck full o' delight,
Laughing and screaming (they talked most all night).
They went in their rooms, but soon out again—
Might just as well try to keep chicks in a pen.

At 7:30 sharp, the car doors would bang,
While the girls, getting dressed in a hurry, just sang
"Lend me your dress, Peggar, my dear?"
She gayly would lend it—but her eye held a tear.
"Now where is Pinnie? Is Czecher over yet?"
Late off duty, again, I'll bet!
There's Decker and Denney, now let's see—
I must look for the others—I wonder—dear me!
Searching upstairs and downstairs, too
"Our party's a flop! Just as I knew!"
While calmly sat little Dinkey and Shelley
Slowly eating their bread and jelly.
Most all the house empty, everything just fine
When who should appear on the scene but Van Dyne,
And after her, came the rest of the crew;
We knew then the day must surely be thru.

('Twas only 10:15, early to them)

So down to the cupboard, some ran like 'ell,
Some would write letters, while others slept well.
This kept up for an hour; some came and some went,
And sometimes a few back to their rooms were sent.

They would gather, maybe eight in a room meant for two
When calling for roommates—"to bed, this means you!"
Those girls used to plan for fun and for work,
But never to rid duty shoes of their dirt.
They were most accomplished—nurse, move furniture, and
write,
They could wave your hair in no time—and could make
you laugh all night.
Gee—s'cuse me while I wipe a tear—
These things make me feel sad—
Sometimes I wish they hadn't come a 'tall—then
I wouldn't feel so bad!
But I hope someday, tho' they're far away,
And think of the rickety house
They'll remember me, tho' I'm not much to see—
'Cause I'm just another mouse!

—Amelia Sheldon.

DO'S AND DON'TS FOR STUDENT NURSES

1. Don't polish shoes more than once a month.
2. Don't bother to mend your uniforms—use adhesive.
3. Don't wear rubber heels on night duty.
4. Don't wear your own clothes—go to someone else's closet.
5. Don't laugh when you are called to the T. S. O.
6. Don't be in at 12 midnight unless you want to.
7. Don't go to the Delivery Room when called out at night unless you feel like it.
8. Don't waste your money on hair nets.
9. Don't stand up for your supervisors—it wears the paint off the chairs.
10. *But* answer all phone calls—it *might* be for you!

ATTENTION SEE WHO APPEARS

I'm not a poet
And can claim no fame,
Only writing nonsense
To remember our name.
Here's to Agersborg, the famous class cook
Who hopes with this art
A man she can hook.
Next we have Allen, who would like to diet,
But because of her appetite
She is afraid to try it.
Bate is our "song-bird," from down the line,
We like to hear her sing
But not all the time.
Case, our siren, who blew in from Athens Penn.
Who "Loves 'Em and Leaves 'Em,"
As it so happens.
O. K. and allrightie, are two famous words,
Spoken by our Croswell
But she some times has a third.
Next we have Ferguson, oh, see her blush,
Why? Papa Bisson's kidding,
About her one big crush.
There comes Krieger, Queen of the class,
Why do we call her that?
O-o-oh, you musn't ask.
Lasher, our fair flapper, never wants for a date,
Knows all the fellows
But never gives us a break.
Next comes Phelps, wearing her hair like Joe,
It isn't even funny, girls
She has so many beaus.
Now we have Styles, the demure and old-fashioned
Being a lover of dogs
Is her only passion.
Here's Wadlin, we call her Mae West,
She doesn't agree
However, we know best.
Last we have the "taxi twins," Wagner and Spice,
Crazy about Packards
But only with Yellow stripes.



CLASS OF 1935

<i>President.....</i>	<i>Evelyn Lawrence</i>	<i>Secretary.....</i>	<i>Vera Agersborg</i>
<i>Vice-President.....</i>	<i>Iva Croswell</i>	<i>Treasurer.....</i>	<i>Lillian Bate</i>

REFLECTIONS IN A MIRROR

REFLECTING

The day Peele and VanDyne had to scrub the bed pan covers and the ether stockings after polishing the lamps so beautifully on Corr. 3.

The night Lawrence, Churchill, and Peele and Dallas spent anxious moments with the tombstones after hiking to "Lovers Leap."

Marge Bull when she wasn't falling.

The night "Peeping Tom," visited us when we were Probies.

"It's really love this time, we're engaged and everything"—who, only Gormley.

Churchie's hero worship of, Oh, so many people.

The day in clinic Dr. Dingman asked Bull for some "plaster," meaning adhesive, and she handed him a roll of plaster bandage.

The Sunday afternoon our "Southern Belle" went tobagganing Lawrence's "Brother." (?)

The day Dallas lost her hat in the sedimentation beds at the Water Works.

The time Peele called the night supervisor to have her room cleaned at midnight.

The time Dallas was locked in the Morgue.

Cameron's sex-appeal.

Holtzman, the meek and mild one, but everybody doesn't know her.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN IF

Decker—lost her optimism?

O'Day—wasn't giggling?

Checker—settled down?

Troccia—wasn't noisy?

Townsend—lost Dick?

Denney—couldn't go home?

Sheldon—bobbed her hair?

Ellsworth—found her equal in height?

Dring—grew thin?

Danko—lost her sex-appeal?

Travis—grew up?

We had *ONE* handsome interne?

There was no T. S. O.?

REMINISCENCES OF THE CLASS OF 1936

The wind blew softly and the bright full moon above was casting its golden rays into the waters of the Hudson below. Along the river path slowly walked a young nurse. She paused for a moment. Had she heard a voice? No, it was only the rustle of the leaves. She went on—again she heard voices. They were like faint whispers. She drew nearer the old familiar steps of Home I. Now she heard the voices very distinctly. She seated herself on the bench and listened.

"Yes, we have seen many faces," said a pleasing voice, "but I shall never forget those that entered here on the afternoon of February 7, 1933."

A husky voice spoke this time, "Yes, I remember them, shy and anxious with wondering expression."

"Remember the enthusiasm exhibited over their swimming escapades? I heard them say one evening as they returned home, that 'Sis' Guilmet certainly was a fish. And could Le Fevre do the high dive!

"Joe Corwin usually performed a fancy dance before she tripped off the board. Often, she was still dancing when she landed."

"Remember how Smitty loved the water? One could hardly induce her to come home. Guess she would swim the Hudson every day if it wasn't too wide."

"Say, I never shall forget Kid Carson's party. Everyone agreed that the refreshments were delicious."

"Wasn't that the night that Anna Swanson fell downstairs on a banana peel which Marge Tompkins carelessly mislaid?"

"Ed. Agersborg was forever shrieking when a cockroach came out for air."

"A good time was had by all at the picnic in Rhinebeck. They played baseball, and how that ball whizzed past Claire. When Ellie Buchanan hit the ball, it never came back. So they said!"

"What a lass for dancing? Skippy went in for the rhumba?"

"Rhumba?"

"Yes, she was always doing it. Some flip!"

"Pekins took a great liking to 'Beveridges'."

"And Joe was there also that night. He came after Castor, as usual."

"Shs-s-s-sh, someone is here."

"Where?"

"There on the bench."

The nurse arose and quietly walked away, never realizing that it was a conversation of the two stately lions of Home I.

CLASS OF 1936

We take this opportunity, my classmates, to apologize to you,
For making these remarks so rude
But as we hope, you will conceive
And this little fun receive,
In a very jolly way—
And with us laugh and be gay.

Oh! Miss Medly, please hush!
For there's no such thing
As scrubbing spinach with a brush—

Watch out Pat (Traver)
Let it never be said that you are fat
For on a diet you will go
Then the scales, off balance, you will throw.

Miss Tompkins, say—by cracky!
Why don't you make it snappy?
For as years go by
And time does fly,
You will be the last one to arrive.

No one can say about Dot Hoch
That she was ever discovered to be a poke,
For she is always scurrying about
To finish her work and then be out—

To be considered very prim
Seems Miss Loweth's greatest whim.
One day to the fifteen cent show she did go
But she'd be embarrassed should anyone know.

To Miss Buchanan we really fear
That baked bananas will bring her tears
Too much salt she did apply
Instead of sugar—the reason why.

Miss Glancy, oh dear me!
Such a changeable person we never did see
With that "Milton Strut", and her pleasant way—
Well, it is such a miracle—as we say.

Good advice is hard to bear,
By it you benefit my dear,
So listen to us quite closely, Miss Coyle
Let holding your temper be a perfect toil.

Miss Ridgeway, so tall and sweet and shy—
We wrote this verse to ask you why,
You keep yourself so far behind—
When you could be so mischievously inclined.

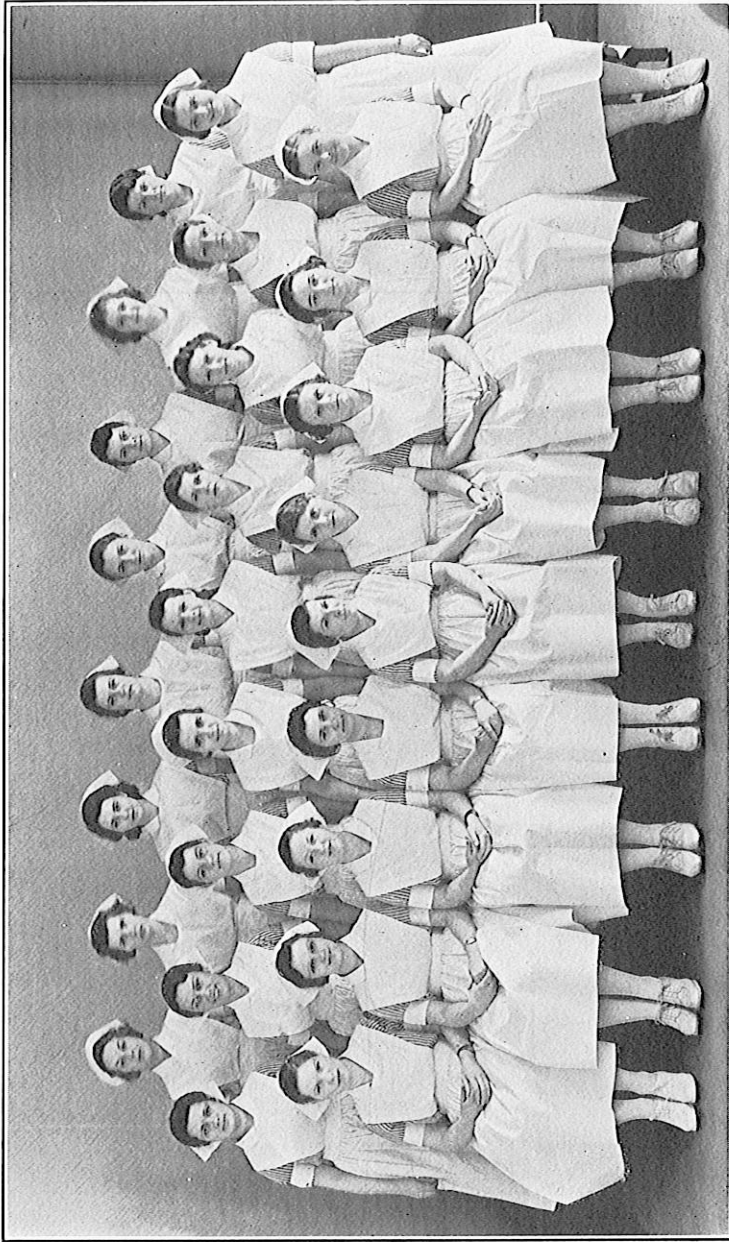
What would we do without (Greening) Peg?
I'm sure we can not say
For our affairs would be a flop
If Peg were not to add the bright spots.

We believe, in truth, Miss Hummel.
That you will be a great success,
In anything one can suggest
If you would always nonchanlantly pummel.

We have not as yet introduced our very invincible Pete (Parmele).
She holds no fear,
She sheds no tears,
And we are sure t'would be an unsuccessful fete
To try and beat our old friend Pete.

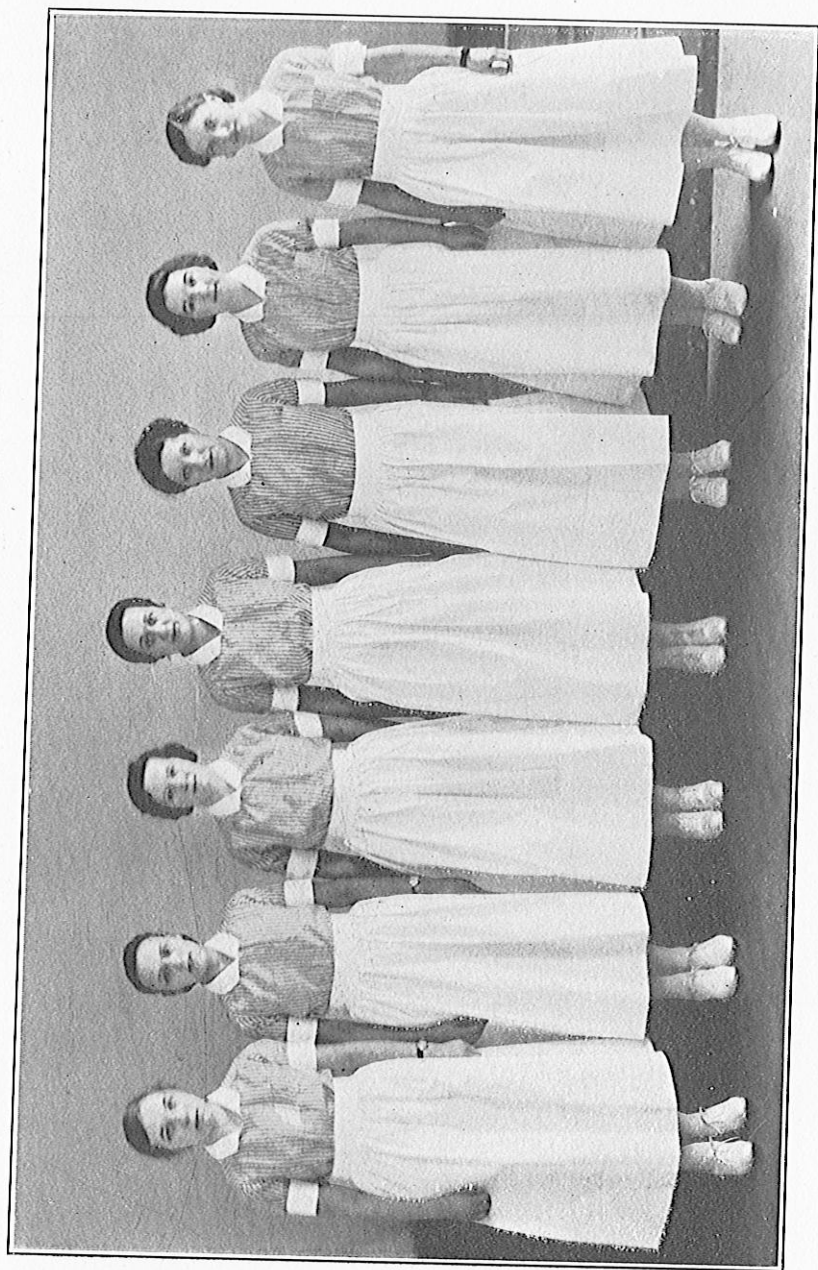
We have not offended you we hope,
For all good sports can take a joke
And now that all is entirely finished
We hope that friends have not diminished.

Helen Krieger and Esther Fitzgibbons.



CLASS OF 1936

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<i>Vice-President</i>	Margaret Greening	<i>Treasurer</i>	Bertha Claire



PROBATIONERS

THE VALENTINE FROLIC

"Yes, something has to be done to make money for our class!"
A dance? Of course, a Valentine Frolic!

The night before the event found most of the class congregated in the reception room of Home I, busily tying valentine hearts to long streamers of crepe paper. All the animals and dolls that we have collected for the past three years, were perched on the ledge — Freddie, the Frog; Sparky; Bumpy; Jacqueline; Sailor; Sadie and Tommy Kitten; Alice in Wonderland, with the King and Queen of Hearts, and The Mad Hatter; Oswald; Barney Google; Pop Eye; Uncle Clem; Olive Green; Peter Rabbit; Percival; and we must not forget TEDDY VASSAR and his cousins, Sodium Amytal grs. III, Sir Joseph Carbolic Acid 1-20, Teddy, Sodium Amytal grs. VI, Jonathan, — yes, they were all there.

Now we must pause a moment with our story to express our thanks and gratitude for the willing help of Dickey Thomas and Pa Bisson — what would we have done without their assistance!

The afternoon of the Frolic found Dottie Dring, Amelia Sheldon, Corey Hoover, Mary Denney, and Peggar Travis busily engaged in making sandwiches in the D. K. Without the help and donations of the Dietitians and the Hospital, what should we have done?

Now for one last look at the hall before the guests arrive. Miss Tobin has been busy directing Nile, Happy, Patsy, and Martin, and the card tables and bridge lamps are in place around the edge of the dance floor.

We were bemoaning the fact that we had no flowers to give the hall its finished appearance — but lo and behold, a bouquet of red roses haughtily stared down upon us from the piano. We wonder where they came from? ? ?

At eight o'clock the Masked Marvels eight piece orchestra arrived to start the evening off with a bang! Kay Troccia and Joe Kay sang choruses of many popular songs, which made us all stop, look and listen! May we again pause to say thanks.

After several dances the Mistress of Ceremonies, Do Caire, introduced the evening's program. Helen Krieger offered piano solos. Next came a skit with Amelia Sheldon impersonating Joe Penner, and Dot Czech as his girl-friend. Then, crash-bang, and the Simpathie Orkistrie, including Pinnie O'Day, Mary Denney, Emmer Ellsworth, Dottie Dring, Kay Troccia, Do Caire, Dottie Czech, and "Joe Penner," garbed in outlandish attire, made their appearance

and rendered asunder "I Love Mountain Music," while the guests held their sides with laughter. For an encore they played "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," and everyone joined in the chorus.

By special request Dr. Pa Bisson at the drums, and Dr. Ma Minkel at the flute, offered one another accompaniment. Dr. Pa Bisson made sure that we were impressed by his loudly rhythmic hammerings on the tom-tom, while Dr. Ma Minkel hit all the high notes in a vain attempt to drown out his opponent.

Then these two gentlemen, with the help of Joe Kay and Ralph Terhune, sang several of the old favorites including "Sweet Adeline" and "Show Me the Way to Go Home." And Louis Doughty, accompanied by Mary Denney at the piano, played a cornet solo entitled "The Rosary."

During the evening sandwiches, cake and coffee were on sale, and did we make money!

But what to do about the few cakes that were left over? A bright idea — Dr. Minkel was in the middle of the floor bellowing, — "How much am I offered for this beautiful cake? Who says fifty? Do I hear seventy-five? Going once, going twice, going three times — hurrah! sold to the highest bidder!"

A few more dance and then the sad melody of "Three O'clock in the Morning," and we all had to say goodnight.

PEGGAR TRAVIS.

IN MEMORIAM

DR. WILLIAM T. RIVENBURGH
our friend and instructor.

THE SLEIGH-RIDING PARTY

When Washington's 202nd birthday dawned, we awoke to find the ground covered with snow drifts four or five feet high.

The day seemed endless, but finally eight o'clock came, and with it the jingle of sleigh-bells through the misty air. But the rain didn't dampen our spirits at all!

After bundling up in our warm attire for the bitter cold night, we grabbed our most expensive partners upon whom we spent many telephone nickels the night before, and, scrambling for a seat in the sleigh, we were off!

On our way out of the city we were a target for those less fortunate ones who had to content themselves by sliding downhill on Flexible Flyers. Yes, we were pelted with snowballs from all directions.

Once out of town, laughter and singing mingled with the jingling bells and re-echoed through the night air.

Of course there had to be some excitement! The first thing we knew there was someone missing from the crowd, and after counting noses, we discovered that Pinnie had misstepped from the sleigh and was found a quarter of a mile back sitting in the middle of the road, yelling for help. Lew to the rescue!

While we were waiting for them to catch up, a husky corn-fed interne threw Shelley into an inviting snow-drift, and she came out looking like Santa Claus. The party wouldn't have been a success without Dodo losing her shoe, but it was found on Raymond Avenue, soiled and wet.

Our very empty stomachs were filled with toasted sandwiches and coffee at the Coffee Shoppe. One could never imagine how good it felt to warm our fingers and toes by the fireplace.

It was late — only a few minutes before midnight, so we whipped up the steaming horses and slid home.

PEGGAR TRAVIS.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

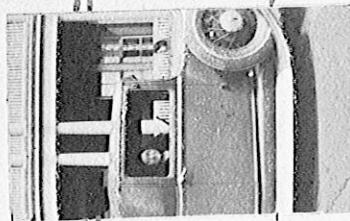
1. Freezing in Home 2 during the zero months?
2. When Townsend wore a hair net?
3. Miss Sease's scowl?
4. Getting Travis out of bed in the A. M.?
5. Miss Sinsabough's giggle?
6. When Stella forgot to listen in?
7. Whether Battle Creek's mice were as tame as those in Home 2?
8. Miss Tobin acting as Fire Warden?
9. Denney as a probationer crashing to the floor with her dinner tray?
10. Ward 6?
11. The expression on Quinn's face when Lee eloped?
12. When two night nurses wanted rolls for breakfast and they *didn't* get them?
13. Czecher's candle when the fuse blew at 6:15 a. m. and when she was in no shape to go?
14. Miss McFarland's ideas applied in V. B. H.?
15. How many Specials Shelly got a week?
16. Miss Reuman's salad?
17. Losing Pinnie in the road on the sleigh ride party?
18. The green room?
19. Someone saying in El. Nursing Class, "S. O. S., use a dishpan?"
20. Ever hearing "Third Core-e-door- Mrs. Smith speaking?"
21. Hearing the telephone ring in Home 2?
22. The night when Danko stayed awake after 9 o'clock?
23. Hearing—"Hold your breath, now don't move?"
24. When Caire had to pay for a "free" ride home?
25. When Eckert lost track of her cow's tail?
26. How many sticks of gum James slipped you during training?
27. Hearing about the weather from Jimmy in the O. R.
28. Czecher's Cap?
29. When Miss Sweet approved of all this junk?
30. What a relief!



Our Honorary Member



Dr. Minkel



On Tour



Happy Days



The Old Buggy



Dr. Young

THE HOSPITAL WEDDING

The laboratory was the scene of a very charming wedding on Saturday, October 1st, when Miss Mercury Thermometer was united in marriage to Mr. Rapid Pulse.

The Rev. Enema Stand officiated. The bride was given in marriage by her stepfather Mr. B. E. D. Pan and wore a gorgeous gown of white enamel with a court train of rubber tubing, lined with barium and held in place by a small silver clamp. She carried a shower bouquet of sputum cups and pale pink kidney basins. The bride was attended by Miss Ann Asthetic, Miss Violet Ray, and Miss Ethyl Chloride, similarly attired in short white gowns of the hospital, held in place by a safety pin at the back of the neck, and wearing picture hats, made of basins and held in place by large bands of adhesive tied under the chin.

The bride's only jewel was a family heirloom, a rare old gold tooth. Her veil of beautiful white gauze was worn in a highly sterilized fashion with tiny bands of morphia, held in place with shiny skin clips and three subcutaneous sutures of cat gut.

Little Miss Catheter, niece of the bride acted as flower girl, dressed in glistening glycerine.

The guests were rushed to their seats by Mr. Castor Oil and Mr. Epsom Salts who acted as ushers. During the service they stood in the chancel which was banked with tiny for-get-me nots, used soap dishes and mild menthol sprays. Miss Steryl Ezer hummed several selections during the ceremony and Mrs. S. S. Enema sang "O Promise Me."

Mrs. Ton Silitis, Grandmother of the bride was an out of town guest. She wore a lavalier of precious gall stones and a small iodoform turban. Other out-of-town guests were the Misses Chronic and Acute Appendicitis, Sir Osteo Myelitis accompanied by his daughter Pollyo Myelitis, Baby Rickets was also present.

Later Mr. and Mrs. Pulse trembled off on their honeymoon which was spent in the "green room." On their return they will reside in Gergy Apartments on Laboratory Avenue.

Anonymous.

ON THE SCREEN

"Alice in Wonderland"—your first day on duty.
"Ladies Must Live"—Ward III.
"Cross Country Cruise"—Dr. Minkel.
"Man of Two Worlds"—Dr. Stibbs.
"The Last Roundup"—Graduation night.
"Eight Girls in a Boat"—The Gang at Babies.
"Death Takes a Holiday"—Hospital Closed.
"Easy to Love"—Nursery inhabitants.
"Morning Glory"—The day nurse.
"Little Women"—Probationers.
"Bottoms Up"—Empty medication glasses.
"Crime"—The O. R.
"Above the Clouds"—Anesthetised.
"Dancing Lady"—Caire.
"Dark Hazards"—Passing the morgue at 9 p. m.
"Design for Living"—Delivery Room.
"Take a Chance"—Come in training.
"Right to Romance"—Internes.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Miss Sweet in Mental Disease Class: What advantage is there if a patient voluntarily admits himself to H. R. S. H.?

Troccia: He may leave within ten days notice.

Miss Sease (speaking to John, the porter): Do you know if Mr. Williams mopped John?

You can lead a nurse to lecture but you can't make her think.

My training 'tis of thee,

Short cut to insanity

Of thee I sing.

Some points in hygiene class:

Anatomy is divided into three parts, the head, the chist, and the stummick. The head holds the skull and the brains, if there is any; the chist holds the liver, and the stummick holds the vowels which are a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y.

MY LITERARY IDEA OF—

1. The Poultry Journal—Chicken bones in Home 2's lavatory.
2. The Readers Digest—Cafeteria at supper.
3. The Open Forum—Stella.
4. Outlook—Miss McCrimmon.
5. The Pathfinder—Bill Case.
6. Saturday Evening Post—Door at midnight.
7. Review of Review—Supervisors.
8. Good Housekeeping—Ma Emery.
9. Vanity Fair—Lasher.
10. Harpers Bazaar—Dallas.
11. Cupid's Diary—Sheldon's letterbox.
12. Ballyhoo—Gormerly.
13. Womans Home Companion—Dr. Marks.
14. Century—three years of training.
15. Hooey—Hannah Quinn.
16. Christian Advocate—Mrs. Brady.
17. Judge—Miss Cole.
18. Snappy Stories—Dr. Neighbors.
19. The Grit—Delivery Room.
20. Radio News—Alice VanDyne.
21. Youths Companion—Guilmet.
22. Screenland—Home 2 night of Senior Banquet.
23. Wild West Stories—Internes quarters at midnight.
24. Boy Scouts of America—Dr. Young.
25. House Beautiful—Tower Memorial Home.
26. True Romance—River Path.
27. Almanac of 1901—Dr. W. Roger's car.
28. Farm and Fireside—Diet Kitchen.
29. Questionnaire—Mr. Bacon.
30. Time—10:15.

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AUTOGRAPHS

Lest We Forget

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AUTOGRAPHS

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